

19. Music, dear solace

Francis Pilkington

Canto

Mu- sic, dear so- lace, to my thoughts neg- lect- ed,
I do com- pare her fing- ers swift re- sound- ing
Di- vine A- pol- lo, be not thou of- fend- ed

Basso

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mu- sic, time sport- er, mu- sic, time sport- er,
un- to the hea- ven's, un- to the heav- en's
that by her bet- ter skill, by her bet- ter

to my most res- spect- ed, sound on, sound on.
spher- i- cal re- bound ing. Hark, hark, she sings
skill, thy skill's a- mend- ed. Scho- lars do oft

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Thy gold- en har- mo- ny is
no forc'd but breath- ing sounds I
more lore than mas- ters theirs at-

such that whilst she doth vouch- safe her eb- on
hear, and such the con- cord di- a- pa- sons
tain. Though thine the ground, all parts in one though

lute to touch, by des- cant
she doth rear, as when th'im-
she con- tain, yet may'st thou

num- bers I do nim- bly
mor- tal god, th'im- mor- tal
tri- umph, may'st thou tri- umph

climb from Love's se- cluse un- to his
god of na- ture from his seat a-
that thou hast a scho- lar on- ly

courts, un- to his courts, where I in
bove first form'd words all, and fair- ly
one that can her lute to thine, and

fresh at- tire, at- tire my muse.
it com- bin'd, com- bin'd by love.
to thy voice her voice at- tone.